

one and we was tearin' over a grassy plain towards the coast.

"At two fifty-five we dived off the land and struck the water. We went down a considerable ways and our speed kind of slackened up, but it struck me we warn't goin' up agen like we would, and Rufus sees it the same second.

"Of course!" he yells, "I ought to have known

"What?" ses Doc.

"Why, the center of the attraction ain't at sea level at all! It's probably at the middle of the earth."

"The doctor makes a dash for the air tight over and throws it open. We all took a long breath and struck out for the surface.

"I thought my breath would never hold out till I reached the top; but it did, and I came up close by the island. I swam to shore, and picking some bananas, set down to wait for the others to show up."

"And did they?" said Freddie the lad.

"Never," sadly replied Bill, the whaler. "I've reasoned it out scene and I see it was impossible."

"Why?"

"Wal, you see, the Doc he'd been dosing himself with iron all the voyage on account of the curvy, and what with that and old whiskers' on will there was no way of their escaping the magnetic attraction from the axle of the Pole."

There was a solemn pause for a few minutes and then Mr. Hammond said:

"How did you get back, Bill?"

"Land-sake, there's a fish on your line. Pull up. Quick!" said Bill, the whaler.

ALLAN DUNN.

### A Tramp up Tantalus.



TANTALUS is Tantalus no longer. Public push and enterprise have brought its delights, and they are many and varied, within the reach of us. A splendid carriage winds up its flank, shaded by groves of welcome trees, up into the clouds, disclosing vistas of fairy like glens and peaks at every turn, till the full fair view of verdant lands beneath and blue sky stretching till it melts into the horizon lies like a map below.

In the West Indies among the famed blue mountains of Jamaica, at Madeira, on the shores of Teneriffe and in many a fair island of the tropic and semi-tropic sea, proto types of our own lovely isles, the wealthier citizens have built homes nestling in the mountains. Here after the heat and burden of the day, they could leave the vitiated air of the city to rest and recuperate in the purer atmosphere of the heights. Roads like that encircling Tantalus, have been engineered where all can walk and ride. Terraced gardens have been built and all the beauties nature has bounteously bestowed have been brought within the grasp. Travellers have sung the praises of Teneriffe, of the Blue Mountains, but second to none of these rises our own Tantalus cloud crowned, sun kissed a fairland of scenery, a vantage ground of prospect. We, there were two of us went up on foot, by the old trail, it is shorter, though a harder climb and one not suited to ordinary clothes, we met the road and crossed it several times, but dis-



THE WINDING ROAD.

claimed its easy grades though envying the grateful coolness of its shade.

Starting on the Punchbowl road, we followed its windings to where the roads divide in three at the foot of the warning signboard "Be careful with your fires." Taking our path, the one to the extreme left after a short distance we left the carriage road and took the trail. Straight up the backbone of the ridge it leads in a well defined bridle path through masses of lantana, the way growing gradually steeper till the first natural landing is reached and a welcome halt is called. The sun was hot, but a breeze from the summit tempered the rays and fanned our faces. There are four flights to Tantalus on the trail



NEARING THE SUMMIT.

road, four natural halting places at just the right distance apart where the ridge dips for a moment in its upward reach. There was little shadow at our first resting place and we stayed just long enough to catch our second wind hardly glancing at the view below, fearful of spoiling the final beauty of it from the top.

The next stage was delightful the trail hides itself in the fringe of eucalypti, planted by thoughtful minds, the invigorating scent of the

trees, the cool shade of their boughs, the soft carpet of the fallen leaves with the gracious zephyrs from the peak wandering between the trunks made the walk a more than a passing pleasure. Down in Honolulu, folks were complaining of the heat, crediting it to the volcano, grumbling about it, working in it, walking in it and here were we, leisurely strolling in shady woods with glimpses of rainbow crossed ravines through the barring trees, watching the mists advance and retreat attack, debouche and reel back from the peaks above us, drinking in the pure mountain air. The contrast between our suffering fellow mortals and friends and ourselves made the pleasure of the hour more poignant. Even up here, out of the world a little selfishness added its insidious spice to our gratification. Nature was powerless to overcome human nature. On to the next flight, we halted this time at a bend of road where the trail crossed, a china-man came up the road on his plodding horse and went on up the mountain to where the road makers were completing their work; we hastened after him and caught and passed him while he kept to the ever winding road. We were out of the eucalyptus now and among the wild guavas.

The ever incroaching lantana had given way to grass with here and there a cluster of dainty ferns. There was a distinct change in the temperature and the breeze was fresher. Striking the road again we met a laughing bevy of girls, fern laden from the summit. Following the road now, with its upper side cut cleanly through vast cinder banks we kept it to the end and gratefully accepted the hospitality of a friendly Pake who lives in a structure used principally for the horses of the graders. Our Chinese host brewed us a pot of tea and offered us rice and bread and fish. Eatables we had with us but the tea came as a welcome bracer for the final clamber to the top.

It was only a few minutes scramble, through banks of fern bedewed by the ever prescient mists, convolvulus blooms entwined the time worn, fire scarred rocks, grass grew green and rank over the scene of Nature's by gone throes, rainbow rested its radiant bridge from Tantalus to a neighboring crest as with some friendly emulation we simultaneously threw ourselves down on the grass of the final knoll.

A wonderful panorama lay before our eyes—the horizon line, clear to the west, hazy to the east stretched an arc of almost half a circle. Far below lay the harbor and the shipping, the steamer at the dock looking like a toy; the roofs and spires of Honolulu gleamed in the sun, Punchbowl was an open cup. Over to the right the waters of Pearl Harbor flashed and darkened as the clouds glided out to sea the range of Ha-